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BALCONY SQUARE

- Belles Lettres
- Matt Muldoon's
- C.U.G.

BALCONY SQUARE JANUARY 22, 1970

Published by the Students of University of Scarborough

Balcony Square — Taimo Pallandi

CONTESTANTS IN SATURDAY'S RACE CHECK IN AT FINISH.

Prue and Noah win rally

By Jeanni Fielding

The SCAA car rally took place on Saturday, January 17. There were fifty-six cars in the running, with both students and faculty members entered in the competition.

The course was 105 miles long, starting at the College. It went through Pickering and Uxbridge Townships, and up to Manchester, in Reach Township. The return course was down Highways 7-12, 5, and 5a and back through Pickering to the College.

The rally was supposed to take 3 hours and 23 minutes, but, due to the hazardous driving conditions, everyone was up to one to two and half hours late.

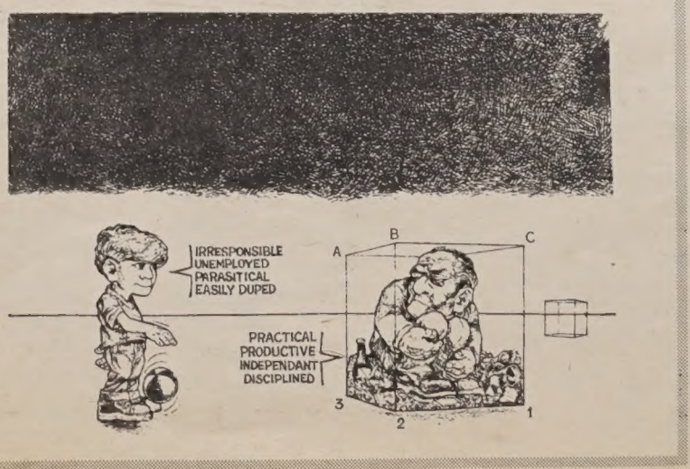
There were a couple of fairly serious mishaps reported, and numerous cars spent considerable time trying to get out of ditches.

Other than the faulty weather conditions, the rally progressed extremely well. It was well organized and efficiently run by Chris Pinnell and Pat Richardson, of the SCAA, and the results were tabulated as each car returned.

First prize of one hundred dollars was awarded to Mike Prue and Art Noah. The next ten teams to finish won prizes also. Among the secondary winners were Norm Thomsett, Jim Grant and Rod Hurd.

A number of enthusiastic people came to watch the rally, but their enthusiasm could not equal that of the competitors.

Car rally officials plan to hold another meet next year.



The Band

By Bill Chandler

"Oh, to be home again."

The Band came home Saturday night. Back to the grease and back to the heads. Not surrounded by the glory of a pop festival. The Band came home.

Jesse Winchester was a disappointing debut. From Memphis, via Montreal, Winchester has a style very similar to the Band. He has country, truck-drivin', bus ridin' roots. He plays the blues folksy. His guitar work is more than adequate but too often falls below the level of musical integrity. The breaks too often are too much feeling and not enough playing. Vocally, he is poor. Singing a gospel number, without accompaniment, it showed. Winchester is at the Riverboat all this week. For country freaks he is a worthwhile evening, but for Band freaks waiting in anticipation, Winchester became boring.

Then there was the Band. Playing hard, playing easy, enjoying the music. Playing, you could see inside the music. The mechanics show, the constructions come through. Every man is an individual, every man is a part of the whole. The Band is more than a sound. They have a sound, but everything they do, they work at. The Band knows how to produce the sound, they know the rhythms, the harmonies. Heavily influenced by Dylan; the group plays country music. The Band enjoy their music, they are happy with their music. Combining pleasure and talent, the Band become one of the most enjoyable and admired bands.

The Band was fun. When someone yells out "Do Chest Fever", Manuel leans over the piano and says "Now, be good." When it comes time for the song, Garth Hudson takes the Hammond B-3 on an excursion through every musical style and instrument ever used before he pounds on the chords of Chest Fever. Levon Helm practices the chord run away from the microphone, then leans into it, "Jemimah Surrender." Jamie Robertson and Rick Danko rock back and forth, still a little of the old Hawks funk sitting inside. Hudson comes out from behind, accordion strapped on, white socks, no shoes. It was homecoming and everybody was happy. People knocked at the doors, trying to get in, not because of a lack of money, but because there were no more tickets.

SCISA Party

By Selwyn Rouse

Last Sunday, a group of students from SCISA took time off from their routine weekend activity of studies to journey to the rhubarb of Aurora. The event was the annual "Skidoo Party" organized with the assistance of the Rotary Club of Scarborough.

Although the temperature was well below the freezing mark, this in no way chilled the spirits of the students who thought that the replacement of book by snowmobiles was more than a worthy diversion.

Later, some of the young ladies of the group, who brought their swim suits, enjoyed a dip in a heated swimming pool.

To bring a delightful afternoon to a fitting climax vocal cords were exercised on an international level, which did produce quite a hilarious return trip.

BALCONY SQUARE

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OUR MISTAKE

Mr. Taimo Pallandi, Director of the Physical Education, has pointed out that phase 2a of the new extension will be completed in the Fall of 1971 and not in 1970 as erroneously printed.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Miss O'Donoghue;

In reply to your letter which appeared in the last edition of Balcony Square.

First a lesson in protocol. You might disagree with me and feel that my points are not well taken but nevertheless they are my opinions which is one thing that no person can be mistaken about. For this reason personal criticisms detract from your argument and get you nowhere.

Perhaps, Miss O'Donoghue, a few statistics would be illuminating. The failure plus drop-out rate for first year students taking a science program varies between 35 and 50% while for students in arts it is between 10 and 15%. Out of my first year class of 240 there are around 100 left in this, the third year. My arts counter-part has had in the last two years an average of about 16 to 18 hours of classes a week while in a science course this number is between 24 and 26.

Also I am not precluding the fact that a healthy proportion of science students do not work as hard as I inferred. Many do not, and many fail.

In addition there is not a person that I know of that would compare first year Anthropology with first year Math., Chemistry or Physics.

In closing may I say that I do not consider myself as possessing any "superior competence". What I wrote is a personal opinion developed from three years of the sights, sounds and the people of Scarborough College. I am not saying that the issue does not have another side but Miss O'Donoghue, you have not found it.

Bob Kligerman

Editorial

On Being Free

Being free and things that are free are two of the biggest hoaxes in our society today.

Daily, the public is bombarded with countless ads for products which offer something free. Detergent companies include free towels with the soap, car manufacturers sell vehicles with free accessories and super-market chains offer free tickets and other gimmicks.

A classic example of this is a recent giveaway by Colgate Company in which a third of a tube of toothpaste was added on free to existing tubes. Maybe the extra squirt was free, but the total product jumped up in cost. I venture to say that Colgate made money on that deal.

Nothing is given away absolutely free now. An individual who gives something away free nowadays is regarded with suspicion and doubt by his contemporaries.

Freedom of the press or freedom of speech are two ridiculously inaccurate things. True, freedom in these fields often means non-governmental control, but just try slandering someone. What are the results? A lawsuit does not mean freedom.

When the average worker looks out the window and sees the world beyond, he sometimes wishes that he were out there without a care in the world — free. But even the hermits who live in the far north are not free. The Government classes them as indigents and assigns them numbers. Everyone has a number. Freedom is lacking because we are all owned by something or someone.

What, then, is free? Water has a price tag, living costs money — you have to pay to die — and even air costs money.

Those of us who are unfortunate enough to live in a large city such as Toronto breathe in huge quantities of dirty air annually. Being naturally corrosive, this "air" causes cancer, bronchitis and other associated ailments. When one is in hospital having a lung removed — that costs money. Free air?

Nothing is free, or should be advertised as such. This is a great and tragic flaw of our society today.

A C.U.G. Proposal

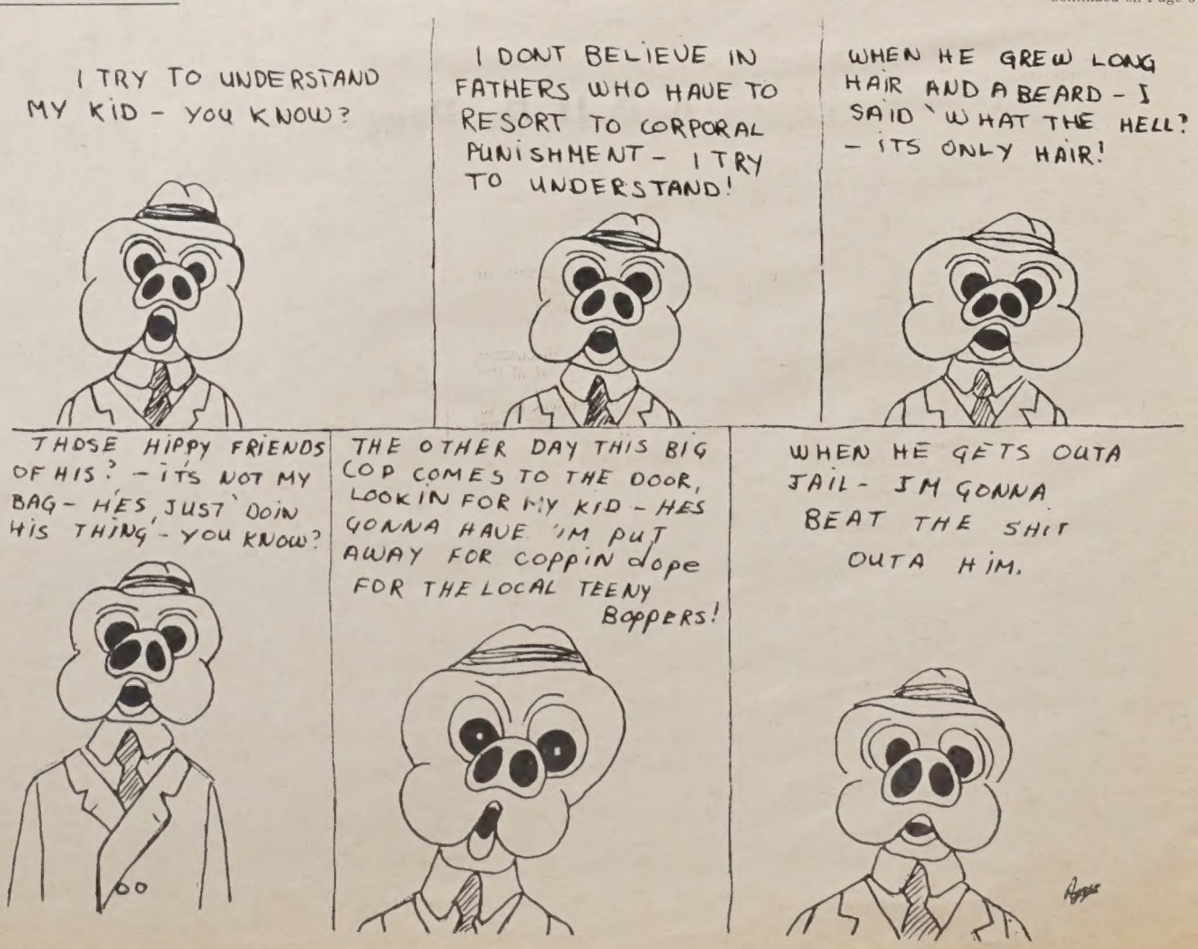
By Lynda Joyce

The CUG Report states that "in a university community that has defined its core as being the faculty and student estates, a mechanism to protect the interests of the university support staff is clearly required." The Steering Committee has been formed to organize just such an association for "non-academic staff". In the January 15 meeting, the members were deciding on the organization and purpose of the association.

The committee, composed of representatives of all departments of the support staff and chaired by Mr. S. Smit of the Transportation Department, accepted K. Wesley's proposals (subject to final drafting) that membership include union-members who would participate in the association's activities "except in those areas covered by union agreement", that payment of membership dues be compulsory (though membership is not), and that a "suggestion committee" be formed to "process grievance and bargaining problems."

There was much careful discussion over the inclusion of the words "grievance" and "bargaining", representatives feeling that, while the Association desired the right to discuss wage grievances, it did not intend to become "a

Continued on Page 3


I TRY TO UNDERSTAND MY KID - YOU KNOW?
I DONT BELIEVE IN FATHERS WHO HAVE TO RESORT TO CORPORAL PUNISHMENT - I TRY TO UNDERSTAND!
WHEN HE GREW LONG HAIR AND A BEARD - I SAID WHAT THE HELL? - ITS ONLY HAIR!
THOSE HIPPY FRIENDS OF HIS? - ITS NOT MY BAG - HES JUST DOIN HIS THING - YOU KNOW?
THE OTHER DAY THIS BIG COP COMES TO THE DOOR, LOOKIN FOR MY KID - HES GONNA HAVE 'IM PUT AWAY FOR COPPIN dope FOR THE LOCAL TEENY Boppers!
WHEN HE GETS OUTA JAIL - IM GONNA BEAT THE SHIT OUTA HIM.

Rollin Wollens, Matt Muldoon's

David Phillips — Balcony Square

Owner, Rollin Wollens, has opened Matt Muldoons on Queen Street.

The First Floor Club, the House of Hambourg, the Jazz Cellar — all these were once familiar names with Toronto Jazz lovers a decade ago. All have long since become defunct. Today, if they are remembered at all, it is only in regard to how precarious an affair owning and operating a Jazz establishment can be. And so it seems all the more paradoxical that in 1970 a new club, **Matt Muldoons**, should be the realized project of its 20-year-old owner, Rollin Wollens. Stepping into **Matt Muldoons** is like stepping back ten years past. Only the faces, and they are all young, have changed. However, this is not to say that Rollin Wollens has attempted to relive history. **Muldoons** is more than just another club. It is an artistic drop-in centre where Rock musicians can find a multitude of practice rooms and eventually, recording studios; where young Jazz musicians can fall in to Jam; and where young Toronto artists and writers can find a studio. Rollin expressed the fact that there are a number of young musicians all over Toronto who just don't realize that they are not alone and that there are others with similar tastes. To the end **Muldoons** will act as a nucleus, drawing all the loose ended musicians together. Perhaps, in a renewed strength of numbers, Jazz may yet be able to reassert itself as the major force in contemporary music.

The following is an edited version of an interview with Rollin Wollens which took place just after a somewhat successful weekend with the Elvin Jones Trio.

Last week you had Elvin Jones Trio in for four nights. Was it financially successful?

After it was all over everybody said, "I hope you did alright. I hope it was a success." It was a success.

No one complained about paying the 3 dollars?

On one of the nights a whole section didn't want to pay. They said "you didn't advertise it." So I said o-kay and I got up on the stage and I talked to everyone about — there were about 200 people here — and I explained to them why I had to ask for more money and then I thanked the people who gave me more money and I apologized to the people who didn't want to, then I went to the dressing room and about five or ten people came by. Larry Green of CHUM-FM gave me ten dollars, some other people gave me three or four dollars, fifty cents. And it was really good. I didn't know what to expect after I gave the little speech up there. . .

What about people like Pharoah Saunders phoning you from New York about playing here? Do they need work?

They all need work.

So how come they're asking for so much money?

Because they get up there and they see all the people. . .there must have been a thousand people here all weekend. "Wow, the cat is making three dollars a head." And like financially we ended up paying Elvin Jones just under $2800. Including the American exchange. . .we made $3000, so that left me $200 and out of that I bought all the refreshments and I had to pay a few people off. . .but I can't see any great problems in running the place accept paying the rent. That's all I care about. I can get just about any musician here. . .it's a matter of going to New York, or knowing someone in New York and arranging everything and they'll come up here and it'll pay for itself. It'll just be wham gone and I won't even know they were here but everyone else will know that to here good music or good Jazz anyways they would come to Matt Muldoons.

Do you think that there are enough people around interested enough to make it a paying proposition?

No. I don't think so.

So in a sense you're defeated before you even begin.

Yeah. That's true. That was the reason for getting a building this size, and putting rehearsal studios in. The club itself I thought would be a cool idea to promote the thing and make money but it just seems it's a good way to promote it. And it just gets me in deeper because now I can't stop. Now I have to keep going. . .I don't want to stop.

Did most of the people last weekend come to here the Jazz rather than Whisky Howl? Does Jazz have a young audience?

Oh yeah. Especially because of this weekend. I would say that about 40% that were here were under 21 and that really blew my mind because I didn't expect them at all. I expected them to come for Whiskey Howl. . .They didn't know what to expect. . .cat's would say, "you know man I hate Jazz", but when they heard Elvin Jones and they walked out saying "whew". . .

Right. It's one thing to listen to Jazz on records but another thing to hear it live. Are you going to have Rock-Jazz jams?

Every musician anywhere is invited to come down and play.

Are any rock musicians interested in Jazz at all?

Yeah, Yeah. But as far as money goes it won't pay. You see there are people who are interested in rock and people who are interested in Jazz and they don't really want to see an integration of the two; you know. They won't pay to see it built up but would pay if they could to see the result.

Are there a lot of people under the age of say 25 that are interested in playing Jazz, or I should say, are playing Jazz?

Yeah. I would say at least in Toronto alone in the downtown area that there at least 500 jazz musicians not working, under 25. Some of them do rock jobs just to make some bread. . .it's just if there were enough places where cats could come to anytime they wanted. . .I mean lets face it a musician is solely separated from somebody who had a job from 9 to 5, because he has done it, he has taken himself away from it and said I don't want that and it's a lot harder to be a musician than it is to work because you have no security at all, all you have is what is in your mind and in your instrument.

Somebody said about 8 years ago that Jazz had a precarious future and for anyone to play it he would also have to have a regular job.

Right. I could honestly say that this is the last Jazz Club that will ever be in Toronto.

Unless something happens.

Unless something happens. Unless some other organization comes in and says here's the money. If they are going to give grants to poets then they are going to have to give money to poets of a different sort.

How come Jazz has died?

It hasn't died.

Well something has happened in the last 7 years. For instance only in about every fourth issue does Down Beat advertise any Jazz albums and this is probably because there just aren't many albums coming out.

There are probably many causes for its decline. Greed amongst the individual club owners. For clubs are the only outlet for Jazz. Records are a totally different thing, a purely financial investment. My immediate plans are to get local musicians playing and establish a whole group of local talent. It's a scene. You come here and you do what ever you want. The pay is scale. Musicians like Moe Koffmann aren't playing. You see that is the reason that Jazz is dying. . .the musicians didn't have food in their stomachs and they weren't willing to sacrifice their whole life for their music because they said, "what the hell's wrong with these people. I play my heart out every night and they don't do anything. They just keep on drinking." So they go into Studio work.

Matt Muldoons is offering another chance to Jazz. Rollin Wollens stresses that it isn't dead but that it is surely dying. He also says that club owners just won't take a chance on it anymore. Rollin Wollens has taken a chance. If he is supported he might just succeed.

T.S.O. Flautist

By Lynda Joyce

Each Sunday at 3:45, a free public concert is held in the meeting place. On January 18, the performers were the Canadian Concerts Orchestra conducted by Walter Babiak. The orchestra, a sixteen-piece string ensemble (including a piano) was honoured by the presence of guest soloist, Nicholas Fiore, principle flautist with the Toronto Symphony.

The programme opened with the "Overture for Strings" by Gorden Jacob which was played with control and precision. It was followed by two exerpts from the background music for the film "Henry V", composed by Sir William Walter. In both "The Death of Falstaff", a suitably solemn piece, and "Touch Her Soft Lips and Part", a slow, beautiful piece, the instruments blended smoothly, evidence of a well-balanced orchestra.

Third on the programme was the "Concerto for Flute and Orchestra in G major" by Johann Quantz. Here, Mr. Fiore first appeared, enthralling the audience with his facility in rapid passages and superb control in slow ones. He was aided by the sympathetic accompaniment of the orchestra.

Following the "Theme and Variations for String Orchestra" by Alexander Glazounov, Mr. Fiore returned for the "Suite No. 2 in B minor for Orchestra" by J.S. Bach. Throughout the various tempos and moods of the dances, Mr. Fiore played with his customary excellent technique and feeling for the music.

The programme ended with well-deserved applause for the disciplined playing of the orchestra and its fine conductor, and an encore for Mr. Fiore.

A C.U.G. Proposal

Continued from Page 2

bargaining agent for certain groups of workers who have not such an agency now". This issue was resolved when the members decided to accept a paper written by S. Smit in which these intentions were clarified.

There was some discussion of the possible threat of the CUPE union to the Association which was felt to be negligible, and the meeting concluded with the discussion of the costs of some proposed social functions.

NOTICE

STUDENT PANEL DISCUSSION ON ARAB-ISRAELI CONFLICT

SCISA continues its series of programmes with a discussion on the Arab-Israeli war. Panelists include students of Scarborough College.

DATE: TUESDAY, JANUARY 27
TIME: 7 P.M.
PLACE: MEETING PLACE

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Film Review

TITLE: BOND FILM STRIKES LACKLUSTRE NOTE

By Paul Scrivener

With the initial interest waning and the dust settling once again over the Odeon Carlton movie house, **On Her Majesty's Secret Service** is drawing fewer and fewer James Bond fans.

Set in the stunning mountainscape of sunny Switzerland, the film follows the basic plot of Ian Fleming's novel with a degree of accuracy which is surprising when one considers the average book-to-film adaptation that appears on the movie market today.

Both Telly Savalas (Blofield) and Ilse Steppat (Irma Bunt) have been excellently cast for the villains' roles.

Savalas, a long-time American actor has played strong roles in titles such as Bird Man of Alcatraz, The Battle of the Bulge and The Dirty Dozen. The bald, two hundred pound Savalas, however, is no match for Bond.

A German actress little-known to American audiences, Ilse Steppet assumes the role of master woman spy and arch-enemy of Bond.

The basic problem with **On Her Majesty's Secret Service** is the characters. George Lazenby was a male model, alias Cadillac salesman, and that is what he should be today. He lacks the snap and vitality of his predecessor, Sean Connery. When I interviewed Lazenby in Switzerland last year, he said that he had always envied the life of an actor but that he "never considered himself as a Bond type."

The thirty-one-year-old Lazenby, a native of Goulbourn, Australia, applied for the part of Bond only on the prompting of Maggie Abbot, a London agent. After seeing director Peter Hunt and the producers, Harry Saltzman and Albert Broccoli, Lazenby auditioned for the part along with four hundred other applicants. He arrived on the short list of half-a-dozen candidates and made it through the tough competition to become the new James Bond.

Last year, Lazenby said that he wanted to remain an actor and he confirmed rumors which hinted he had signed a seven-year contract with the producers of **On Her Majesty's Secret Service**. However, shortly after the film's opening in London, the master spy indicated dissatisfaction with his new-found role saying that because the public, because they expect certain things in the portrayer of James Bond, placed his own personal character secondary to that of Bond's.

Dianna Rigg of Avengers fame, plays an entirely predictable and petulant Tracy in the new Bond film. An old hand at fast-action scenes, Dianna passes off her latest effort with an ease of movement which perhaps shows her boredom with the entire film.

A veteran of many Shakespearian productions, Dianna Rigg has said that she is experiencing difficulty in deciding between being a film star or making a career out of the stage and live theatre. Perhaps **On Her Majesty's Secret Service** will help her to decide.

The poor casting of the film is compensated for by the excellence in action, variety and scenery.

Most of the action is centered around the town of Murren, settled at 5000 feet in the Alps. The scenery incorporates the Piz Gloria restaurant, perched on top of the 10,000 foot Schiltorn mountain with its accompanying cableway and the lofty peaks of Jungfrau, Eiger and Monch mountains, shimmering in their individual cloaks of snow.

With "never a dull moment" as its motto, the film is packed with car chases, avalanches and the usual rolls in the hay. **On Her Majesty's Secret Service** brings back memories of Windjammer with dare-devil ski chases and a hectic run down a bob-sled chute.

Despite the intriguing background, it becomes a run-of-the-mill spy story and one is forced to say "better luck next time" to producers Saltzman and Broccoli.

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NOTICE

The Political Science Forum is in the initial stages of forming a Political Science Course Union. Interested Political Science students are urgently needed to help form a constitution, design new courses, and so forth. Your participation is essential to have an effective Political Science course in the very near future. If interested, fill in the space provided and drop off the sheets in room S 645 A anytime.

NAME.....
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YEAR.....

BELLES LETTRES

Unknown Peace

It strikes
my brain,
my psychic
processes,
my whole self,
the sounds
of all these
absurd
images, faces,
gestures
full of superficial
decay
striving for some
unbound
superiority, recognition
within the
limits of the
unanswerable
yet plain unknown
to man.
Oh would he only knew
what it
entailed, the essence
of the
living dead
breathless
in their own
world
wrapped up in
the
misty solitude
of
the only
peace
of mind
known
to
man.

S.P. Argiropoulos

Pirates floated by
They flew their own flag
Landing down the lake
I felt fear
It was their own place
There was no flag
They were not pirates
I knew.

The stars shone brightly
In the evening sky
They throbbed as does
The beat of the heart
They formed a back-bone
Down the sky.
The man with the axe
Looked after his stars
I believed in God.

Dick Schlombs

WILL THE CANADIAN LITERARY ESTABLISHMENT PLEASE CREEP OUT OF THE WOODWORK!!

(3-voiced poem written after a conversation with John Robert Colombo)

I am searching for the Canadian Literary Establishment;
it must be around here
I've looked under all the living-room furniture
but I still can't find it.
Come back, come back
I promise I won't beat you anymore!!

Yesterday
while walking across the street
I almost stepped upon a Poet.
Naturally, knowing this to be a rare find
I took it home and tried to revive it,
but due to a lack of something in the atmosphere
it wilted and died.
And thus, gentlemen of the Canada Council
I lost the only known specimen
of a Famous-Canadian-Literary-Figure in captivity.

Sorry sir, if you want to keep a Literary Establishment in this place
you will have to teach it to behave,
we do not want anything to offend our other tenants.
By the way, we have nothing to feed a Literary Establishment
I guess it better learn how to eat dog-food.

by Henry Flam